



NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.

Mrs. Newwed—You know my husband was just crazy to marry me.
Miss Cutting Hints—Yes—that's what everybody thinks.



DON'T LIKE WRINKLES.

Tom—Jones, the new ladies' tailor, advertises all the newest wrinkles.
Toss—Then he won't get a woman in his shop.

BETTER THAN POKER.

"You are from the West, I take it?"
"Yes, sir; I am from Idaho," was the reply.
"Do they play much poker out there?"
"Well, not much."
"I thought poker was a Western game?"
"I believe it is, sir."
"And in some parts of the West they play for very high stakes, don't they?"
"I have heard they did. I have heard no."
"But you must play now and then yourself?" persisted the lawyer.
"Well, once in a while, but not for stakes. That is, I play a little penny-ante game."
"You are not in luck or lack the nerve, maybe?"
"Oh, it's not that, sir. I have a better thing than poker. When I want money I hold up the stage or a bank. There's more cash in it and no hard feelings, you know."
JOE KERR.



A man wearing a blue shirt and a sombrero.



November 12 1888.—Forty-two years ago today the Mexican General Comonfort was shot.
Think another Mexican.



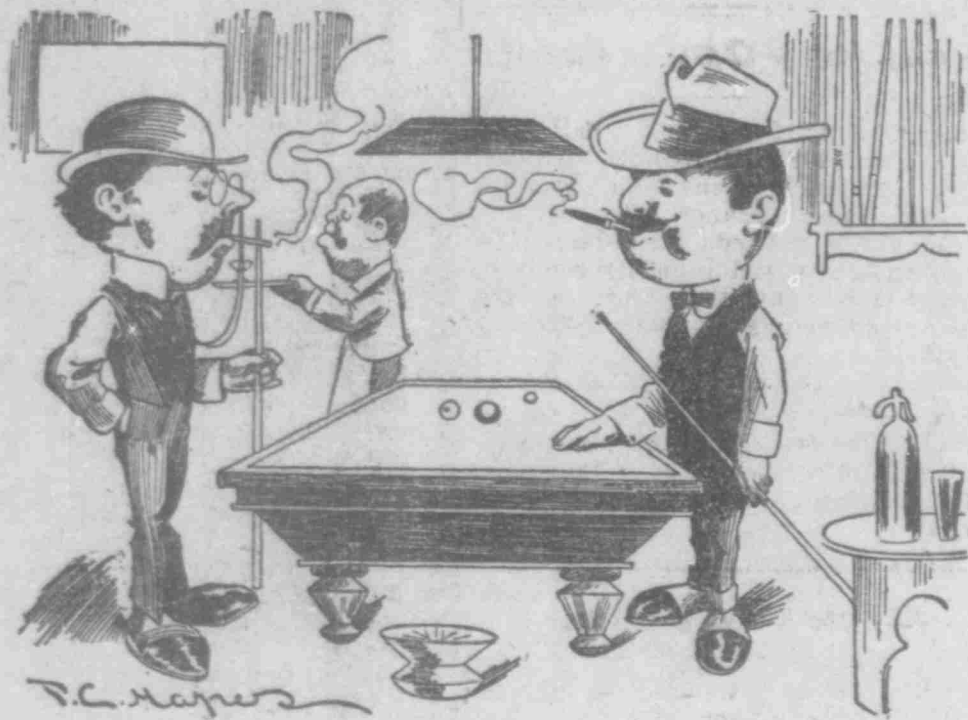
NOT A GOOD "RISK."

The Duck—What's the matter, old man, are you sick?
The Gobbler—No, I'm in too darn good health. I've just been turned down by three life insurance companies.



VERY FORGETFUL.

Clergyman—I'd like to pay a fitting tribute to your husband's memory.
Widow—He didn't have any memory; he couldn't remember to mail a letter.



TOO BAD.

Dobbs—Wilson went out in his new automobile yesterday for the first time.
Dibbs—How did it turn out?
Dobbs—That's just the trouble. It didn't turn out and Wilson's in the hospital.



THE REASON WHY—THAT MARRIED MEN ARE NOT TO—FOOTBALL CALLED—THE FACT IS THAT—NO PERSON CAN—PLAY FOOTBALL—WHO IS BALD!

PROSPERITY ALL AROUND.

He had a half-smoked cigar in his mouth and had been vainly feeling in his pockets for a match as a well-dressed and contented-looking pedestrian came along and was halted with:
"Sir, can you tell me what the wheat crop is this year?"



"Was there ever a bigger potato crop?"
"And oats and rye and barley?"
"All tremendous yields."
"About three and a half million bushels, I believe," was the reply.
"And the corn crop?"
"Fully as much."

MOSTLY CONSCIENCE.

"Sir," he replied to the agent who had been "bouncing" him to take out a policy with his life insurance company. "I want you to answer me two or three questions."
"Very well."
"Is there any law to prevent me from starting a life insurance company of my own?"
"No, sir."
"When I have established one can't I use the policy holders' money to speculate with?"
"You can."
"As president of the company can't I draw a salary of \$100,000 a year, and can't I write in my sons, brothers, nephews, cousins and brothers-in-law for good places?"
"Undoubtedly, sir—undoubtedly."
"Then, sir—then—"
"Then why don't you?"
"Why don't I? I don't, sir, because I belong to the Coffin and Undertakers' Trust and am troubled with too many scruples of conscience. Yes, sir, and I'm going into the Match Combine and the Rubber Syndicate next week, and I don't want any of your insurance. I desire to keep myself free from contamination, sir!"
JOE KERR.



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THE FOX AND THE GOSLING.

One day as a Gosling was walking around the edge of a pond in which the geese and ducks were sporting she was confronted by the Fox, who had been lying in ambush, and who said:
"Now, what an unexpected pleasure is this! Pritho, dear one, take a little stroll with me."
"I hadn't ought to leave papa and mamma, but I will stroll for a little while," answered the Gosling.
"What beautiful feathers you have," said the Fox as they walked along.
"Do you think so?"
"And what flashing eyes and proud head!"
"You shouldn't flatter. Mamma says it's wrong to flatter."
"And your feet?" continued the Fox.
"I have met up with a thousand Goslings in my time, but never have I seen such nice, red feet. Why—"
"My feet! Oh, that makes me think I want to show you the beautiful new pair of red slippers my papa brought me home the other day when he went to Gooseville."
"Never mind the slippers now." "But you must see them. The color is so nice, and they fit me so neatly, and I am so proud of them, and—"
"And she flew away to return no more. After hungrily waiting for half an hour the Fox pulled down his vest and winked at a sycamore tree and observed:
"Moral: Innocence needs no club to protect itself."
JOE KERR.



UNSOLVABLE.

Clown—The manager says that this is a problem play.
Sue Brette—What's the problem?
Clown—Where our salaries are coming from.



"Pop, is a horticulturist a man what cultivates flowers?"
"Yes, my son."
"Then you must be a horticulturist, 'cause Mr. Jinks sez you're been raisin' a rum-blossom for 40 years!"

WHAT THEY MEANT.

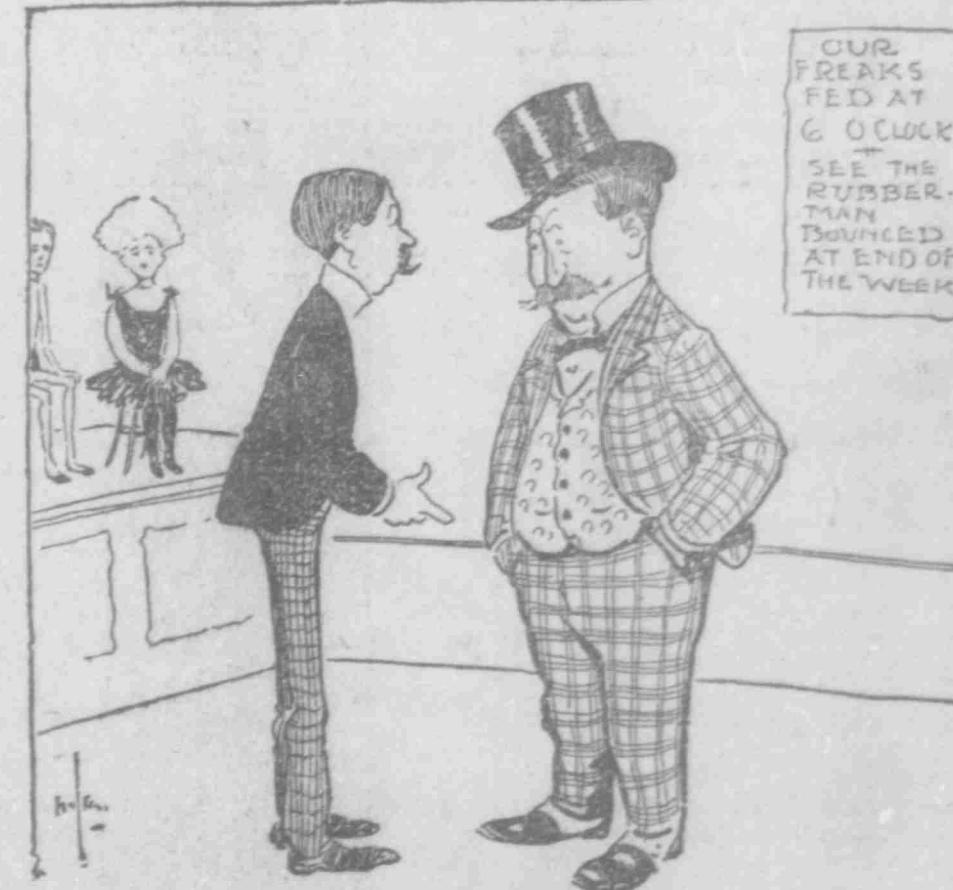
"I suppose it's a little early, but—"
said the man with the notebook and pencil as he walked to the front of the car and addressed the first passenger on his right.
"Oh, no—none too early," was the reply.
"If you think it is, just say so."
"But I don't."
"There are men who hide their political opinions under a hat, and there are others who are perfectly independent."
"Very true."
"As you seem to be one of the latter, and as you admit that it is none too early, I will—"
"Do you think it too early yourself," interrupted the other.
"Why, no."
"Then pick out the spot on the street you prefer to light on."
"It may be," said the man with the notebook, "that he don't mean the same thing. I mean that it is none too early to take straw votes for the next Presidency."
"And I mean that it is none too early to take you by the neck and bounce you off the car just as soon as you ask the name of my candidate!"
Then the notebook and pencil were



Addressed the first passenger.



Of all the debts that men expect To pay, and still elude, The kind that's hardest to collect Is that of gratitude.



MUSEUM MUSES.

Manager—What is that peculiar smell?
Assistant—The India Rubber Man is burning with indignation.